

The Mate The Alpha Never Chose — by Preddysun —

Chapter 1

TYLER

“Man, just apologise,” said Johnny, crouching beside me on the porch. “Enid is a girl... they bitch all the time. It's their thing.”

I took the cold beer from his hands. “I'm certain that's a sexist thing to say.”

“All hail thee. All thine knowledge of equality and you still can't stay with a girl for more than a month.” He took the beer back from me. “Man, I don't know. You probably need therapy or some shit like that.”

You know what was funny? While no one could notice, I was fucking boiling inside as Johnny said all this. No, I wasn't pissed off... I could take a joke. What infuriated me wasn't what Johnny said to me. Come on. We had been friends since we were kids. We did everything together. It wasn't that.

What hurt me was that he was speaking the truth. Before I got with Enid, I dated Laurel. Before Laurel, I dated another girl who happened to be named Laurel too. Before the first Laurel, I had a thing with a girl called Windinya... and yes, that was her name. Before Windiya, there was Stacy. After Stacy was Susan, and then came the sassy Brooke. Sadly, the list went on and on till my time at high school.

Apart from Brooke, who was just a terrible person, the rest were pretty good. More than I deserved, if you asked me or anyone else with a functioning brain. What was quite sad on all their parts was that they liked me. Most of them cried when I told them it was over. Now, unlike what Johnny would have me believe, it wasn't just because of my looks. Like the last one said, “You're really hot but you're not all that.” Then she proceeded to shed tears.

I knew why they all felt bad. It wasn't only because they were in love and didn't want to end what they thought we had. It was also because it didn't make any sense to them. It was as though one moment we were fine, and the next, I was telling them it was best we stopped seeing each other. It was a very unpleasant thing to witness. For real, it was. Though I was the perpetrator, even I couldn't deny that it wasn't the easiest thing to witness.

As Johnny would say, 'You're a kind man, but what you're lacking is a heart'. But he was wrong. At least, in a way, he was. I had a heart and it was as delicate as the next person you would see. Yes, I had a heart. Even if it was confused, sad, lonely, and hidden. It was a heart anyway.

"Come on, man. Pull yourself together and get your girl. Enid is a very good girl."

I shrugged, looking away from him. "Johnny, I don't know. I have never said she wasn't a decent girl. Besides, maybe that's the issue in itself. Maybe I don't need a good girl. Maybe I need someone who would rip me apart. Like to shreds or something."

"Oh, that's sexy. There's it right there! You're finally talking dirty... I love it. If Enid isn't giving you that, it's alright to dump her ass. You have my full support."

I shook my head at him. "No, Johnny. That's not what I meant. I mean, not even close. I don't know how you got there. When I said that, I meant it literally. I don't need a girl now, but if I'm getting one, then she better be the end of me."

Johnny didn't say anything for about a minute though he didn't take his stare from my face. "You see, sometimes I'm convinced you need to be seeing a therapist. Sorry, one is not sufficient. You need a dozen therapists 'cause something is wrong with that head of yours. I don't need a fucking degree to see it."

You wanna know what was funny? No one— now, I meant no fucking person— understood me. I always had this feeling that there was this hole inside of me that nothing and no one could ever fill. That no one could ever fill no matter how hard they tried. It was pointless talking to anyone about it. Whenever I tried talking to people about how I felt, they would say something like 'happened to me too', 'happens to me all the time', or the worst, 'it will get better'. So in other words, nothing helpful.

"Pick it up, man," Johnny said, pointing at my phone which was ringing. It was Enid.

My goodness. I didn't have the time for this. Not now, at least.

"Hey, babe," I heard myself saying.

“Hi, Tyler,” she started. “Look, I don't want this to be us anymore. I know we can be more than this.”

Enid's voice was lower than usual and it sounded like she had been crying.

She continued. “I'm sorry, Tyler. I think it's my fault. I always say or do the wrong thing and don't even realise when I do.” She paused and drew in a deep breath. “I want us to be better. I swear I'm serious this time. You might not see it, but I'm trying. I try so hard.”

“Maybe that's the problem.”

“Tyler, what do you mean?”

Here it goes.

I didn't know why I was nervous. Breaking up with girls was my thing at this point being that it was pretty much all I did in the last two years.

“Enid, you're a very nice girl. Any guy would be lucky to have you as a girlfriend. But as you said, you're trying so hard. I see it too.”

“Where are you going with this, Ty?”

“I mean, if it's meant to be you wouldn't have to try so hard. Look, what I'm saying is that I think we should end this. To save both of us quality time, let's end it now. I have made up my mind.”

She hung up. Something about it felt permanent. I knew she really liked me, but something about that moment gave me a somewhat comforting assurance that we wouldn't be seeing much of each other. We were both better off without each other. The sex was great... no argument there. Everything else? Well, not so much.

Johnny smacked his lips, his head shaking as he looked at me. “You broke up with yet another girl for no reason. You are winning life.”

“Johnny, I don't like that this always happens. It doesn't matter whether you believe me or not.”

“You're a mess.”

“You think I don't know?”

“Just a friendly reminder, brother.”

My phone rang and it was Darrel Walters. Oh, dear.

As he spoke to me, it took me mustering every fiber of my being to not lose consciousness. You know, it was one of those times that I wondered whether I wasn't dreaming. Well, this time I did more than just wonder. I hoped I was dreaming.

“Who was it, Ty?” Johnny inquired. “You look like you just saw a naked old ghost.”

“It was Darrel. Darrel fucking Walters.”

“What did that old man have to say?”

I exhaled and left my face buried in my hands. “He said they have located another Green Eye.”

“What? Like for real? Is that even possible? There can't be more than one Green Eye.” Johnny looked at me more directly, his stare not leaving me for even a second. “I take it that he said a little more than that.”

“Yes, he did. He said that there was a good chance that every werewolf will die and we don't have time on our side. You know Darrel just as much as I do. If he said that...”

“Then he meant it,” Johnny said, finishing my sentence.